

The Daily Times.

Published Every Day in the Year by the
Times Publishing Company, Office 226
East Main street, Richmond, Va.
50 DAILY TIMES, delivered in city by carriers at 12 cents per week. Leave address at the office or send it by postal card.

BY MAIL \$5.00 A YEAR.

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE INCH OF TWELVE LINES.

ONE TIME.....	1 00
TWO TIMES.....	1 50
THREE TIMES.....	2 50
FOUR TIMES.....	3 50
SIX TIMES.....	4 50
TWO WEEKS.....	7 00
ONE MONTH.....	14 00
TWO MONTHS.....	28 00
THREE MONTHS.....	39 00

THE WEEKLY TIMES, by mail, postage paid—
one year, \$1; six months, 60 cents; three
months, 35 cents.

Entered at the Richmond (Va.) Postoffice
as second-class matter.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 24

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS:

At Large,

RICHARD F. BEIRNE of Hanover.

JOHN T. HARRIS of Rockingham.

First District,

T. R. B. WRIGHT of Essex.

Second District,

D. GARDINER TYLER of Charles City.

Third District,

YAZWELL ELLETT of Richmond city.

Fourth District,

WILLIAM R. MCKENNEY of Petersburg.

Fifth District,

H. G. PETERS of Henry.

Sixth District,

W. W. BERRY of Bedford.

Seventh District,

MICHAEL WOODS of Albemarle.

Eighth District,

E. E. MENDENHALL of Prince William.

Ninth District,

JAMES W. MARSHALL of Craig.

Tenth District,

R. B. POORE of Appomattox.

West Virginia and New Jersey involve two important facts. The re-election in these States of McPherson and Kenna means a tie of the Senate, and the election of Mr. Thurman means a Democratic majority—that is, the casting vote.

The Bagging "Trust" will not bag so successfully as they fondly hoped to do. The formation of the bagging "trust" in the South has had a most salutary effect. Heretofore a majority of the bagging used has been imported from India, but the "trust" put Southern inventors upon their mettle, and as a result there are several factories turning out bagging made from pine straw with great success. The new material is a perfect substitute for the imported article. This is an excellent example for the American public to follow. "Trusts" cannot survive such flank movements.

Mr. Tilden's will is declared by the court to be valid, which is another lesson to alleged heirs who attempt to defeat the last wishes of men and pretend to know how they ought to have done instead of submitting to what they had a right to do. Mr. Tilden was a man of clear head, active mind and just conceptions, and to bring his will in court was outrageous.

Those persons who are acquainted with African exploration think that Stanley is safe. They conclude that he has succeeded in forming a junction with Emin Bey. The chief reason for this belief is that, although nothing has been heard of or from Stanley for so many months, if great disaster had befallen him it would have been known long before this.

That is a pretty prank of satire that "Mr. Blaine will deliver a farewell address for Harrison and Morton in Boston on the Saturday night previous to the election."

The ladies will please notice that for every dollar they spend on ribbons for hat trimmings, fifty cents goes for tax.

And the lady's hat is not the only one burdened, for the ordinary tie worn by a man is taxed nearly a hundred per cent.

The conductors, brakemen, lookout men and engineers are all found guilty of criminal negligence by the coroner's jury in the case of the terrible Mud Run railway accident.

NEW YORK.

Governor Hill of New York has such engagements to speak all over the State that he will not be able to appear in the great Democratic parade on Saturday with Mr. Cleveland. He will be there in spirit, however, and will be felt. New York a week ago was doubtful, but we see no reason now to doubt that State, and we believe that in the hands of the able managers of the party New York is certain for Cleveland. So much the more need for making a strong and united effort to hold Virginia. If the battle goes as it did before in the North, the result will depend on this State, as no other Southern State is considered doubtful since the splendid efforts of the Democracy in West Virginia.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

If Cleveland is not elected it will be because the Democrats in Virginia do not choose to go to the polls and vote, and this probable result will be owing to "apathy," which is owing to bad management, which is owing to lack of funds, which is owing to the people not subscribing to the campaign fund, which is owing to lack of confidence in the management.

The day has passed when demagogues and office-seekers can run a great party even in a State. There must be principles represented by patriotic men and meetings that are the exponents of solid opinions, that operate on our prosperity and progress.

The American man is not a sentimental creature, to be paraded with the romance of a brilliant personality, as in the days of Clay and Webster. He is a voter who thinks about business, and the proof of it is that the Democracy is shaken in its very citadel by a mere consideration of tariff, which means so much taxes, or so much protection. The people care not for Cleveland or Ben Harrison. The last one of them is thinking on a different line from the ways of thirty years ago, and they calculate where the interest of the issue is to them. Hence Richmond, with 3,000 white majority, gives only a small Democratic majority. The people do not exactly comprehend the nature of the issue, and hundreds of them think that protection is to their interest, while the party in power has been so weak as not to use its influence to strengthen its leaders in the country districts. The National Committee appears to act on the idea that the South is a side show attachment to the Democratic party, obliged to give 153 electoral votes and beg for anything it wants in return.

When the time comes to "recognize" the party leaders then is the paradise of dead beats; and it is a well known fact that the recommendations, for instance, of the Virginia delegation have been given away to loafers irrespective of party service or party loyalty all during the period of virtuous Mugwump rule. We do not mean, by any means, that the great party of patriotism and reform should be degraded to the spoils system, but we do mean that a party posted on great principles should use its power in the right direction without fear, and above all things, be just in the official service where it is so open to criticism.

The Exposition has the good wishes of everybody in the State, and the newspapers do all that they possibly can for it; but the question is, can it run so long as the first plan proposed? There is enough to interest people, if they can be persuaded to keep on coming. The races this week and the Pompeian panorama next week are good attractions; but the weather is not expected to hold as favorable as it has been, and there will be that difficulty to overcome, besides the need of continued novelty.

The managers have thoroughly studied the matter, and doubtless they can decide what is best for their enterprise; but we suggest the chances of difficulties, while we are ready enough to help the cause as far as a paper can.

Mr. Kyle Bellevue, that charming historical masquerader, has been the victim of a practical joke. He was snubbed by the aristocratic Tuxedo Club, and McCaul while dining Bellevue succeeded in nursing his wrath up to the point of securing a regular code of honor vengeance against Pierre Lorrillard, who was the head man of the Tuxedo Club that snubbed Bellevue. The original of Bellevue's challenge has not been discovered, but the Quaker City, where this little farce was acted is in a broad grin over the luckless mishap of the masquer.

The female convention discovers first that the saloon is the worst enemy of the home, and then having voted destruction to the saloon the convention proceeds to put the "club" as the next worst enemy. We thought that "clubs" were beneficent institutions intended to keep husbands away from home for brief spells during which good matrons could entertain their sisters without being worried with the horrid wretches. Stories of fascinating "teas" and "hen parties" rather go to favor the club system unless the ladies choose to start clubs of their own.

So, the assassin of Flaccio was Vincenzo Quararara, or his brother or both.

There is no doubt at all that the Mafia Society exists in New York, New Orleans and other American cities, and that its members shield each other in crime. Inspector Byrnes, for reasons that are obvious, will not make known either the extent of his knowledge of this nefarious organization or the means he has of knowing its every ramification. He can today quietly reach out and touch the shoulders of its members as easily as he can identify an Anarchist. Their most sacred haunts are open to his inspection.

Jacksonville breathes freer. Only one death was reported yesterday, and after summing up the history of the epidemic it appears that there were about 3,000 cases and 300 deaths. There need be no alarm about any harm to the town. People forget such things quickly, and are apt to feel confident in the hygienic precautions that will be taken to prevent a recurrence of the disease. The year after the yellow fever desolated Memphis the visitors to the place regarded the thing only as a reminiscence.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

PROTECTION DISCUSSED BY ABLE PENS.

Progress—Aristocracy in Politics—An Irresistible Power—Protection—The Two Sides—They Feel It—Indiana—Barnum—And Other Political Pointers.

PROGRESS.—The Herald says of the Republicans that the party was the vanguard of progress, and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts was in the skirmish line miles ahead of the main body.

Times have so changed, however, that today aggressive reform is represented by the Democrats, and the Republicans are polling so hard against it that they have become overheated and will all catch the rheumatism when the cold wave of November 7 strikes them. Governor Andrew's son, therefore, true to his father's principles, turns his back on his father's party and will vote for Cleveland.

ARISTOCRACY IN POLITICS.—A Pennsylvania paper contains the following pithy comparison between the two parties.

It is only a few years since the now moribund Republican party persistently and insolently pretended to monopolize within itself the intelligence and morality of the country. The claim was as false as that of its predecessor, the Federalist party, to the same purpose—a party which, like the Republican party, was aristocratic in all its tendencies and maligned the Democracy, who followed the immortal Jefferson as an ignorant and vicious rabble.

AN IRRESISTIBLE POWER.—The National Democratic ticket will be elected in November next because it represents, in certain leading candidates, an order of thought, purpose and motive of a higher standard than has been generally felt before in American politics. Of such order of thought Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hewitt are to be taken as representative types. Their acts are based on convictions. They are not with "my party right or wrong." They are only with a party when it is, in their estimation, right. They will not tolerate any iniquity inside of their party, out of policy. They embody a principle and act from a principle. They stand ready to exercise their functions in office if it is the people's desire, but they value the principle more than the office, and there is a line they will not pass for any considerations of place and position.—N. Y. Star.

PROTECTION.—Once upon a time a Lion in his cave sent word to all the Beasts of the forest that he would give Protection to all of them if they would come to see him in his cave, and each bring him a small quantity of provisions, which, he said, would not be much compared with the benefits of his Protection. The Beasts all went into the cave, each with provisions for the Lion. The first to go in were the Ass, the Sheep and the Hare, and the rest followed their example—all but the Fox, who warily stayed away. Then the Lion went the Jackal to see the Fox, to induce him to come, with many fine speeches. But the Fox said: "No, I would rather be excused, because I noticed to-day that the tracks all went one way—all going into the cave and none coming out."

MORAL.

This Fable teaches that you should not put your faith in princes of Plumed Knights or Carnegies or Opulent Lords of the loom when they profess so anxious a desire to "protect" the farmer and the laboring man.—Terre Haute Gazette.

HARMONY.—Nothing so harmonizes a party as to be out of power. In that condition there is one grand controlling, unanimous sentiment to get into the offices and a blessed hope that every fellow will get something. Once in, the discord begins to arise, because there have never yet been in any form of government enough offices to go round.—Washington Post.

THE TWO SIDES.—On one side are arrayed special interests, trusts and combinations of capital of alarming growth, which through excessive protection draw their sustenance from the people; on the other, the great mass of producers and consumers, who are oppressively taxed to promote these dangerous aggregations of wealth and power. A vote for reform must of necessity be a vote for the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President, and that vote should be cast intelligently and conscientiously without regard to what parties have been or have done in the past.—N. Y. Times.

THEY FEEL IT.—The Baltimore Sun, in quoting from the Providence Journal, says that "the existing tariff was shaped as it is, the Journal contends, in a sectional spirit to favor two or three States rich in ore and coal. Without any tariff iron could still be made in New England from imported materials, but a large industry, worth millions to New England, has been suppressed in the interest of Pennsylvania. But the sectionalism of the present law, the Journal complains, is not confined to the iron and steel business. 'Already,' it says, 'the cotton and woolen industries are showing a marked tendency to move westward and southward, nearer to the supplies of raw material. And so it must inevitably be, sooner or later, in all our staple lines of manufacture.'"

General Bragg, of Wisconsin, United States Minister here, leaves to-night for home. He is filled with statistics and facts showing how a high tariff does not protect labor in this country of low wages and will take the stump for Cleveland and Thurman, speaking mainly in the West.—Boston Herald.

INDIANA.—The World says of it that "the great element of doubt in Indiana at this stage of the political contest has reference to the 'floating vote,' estimated to number from 12,000 to 16,000. The existence of this body is acknowledged by all the leaders there, and money commands them. Which party shall secure the support of a majority of them? is the decisive question."

Plethoric of Cash.

"I'm taking this boy to the doctor," said the father of a chubby 4-year-old to a friend on a Cass avenue car.

"What is the matter with him, he doesn't look sick?"

"He's plethoric of cash—full of money," said the child's father; "he got a handful of change out of my pocket, and when I ran after him I don't know how many pieces he swallowed. He's just full of dimes and nickels."—Detroit Free Press.

Cases of Homestead Insanity.

"Have you had much experience with this form of insanity, doctor?"
"Many and many a case. I remember once being visited by a gardener. He told me that his niece kept house for him, and that as he had raised her he was very fond of her. One day he was filled with an impulse to drive a pitchfork through her neck. He was talking to her at the time and had the pitchfork in his hand. By a tremendous effort he refrained. Several times afterwards he felt the same desire coming over him; and each time it grew stronger, and at last he made a figure, with the neck and bust of straw. Whenever the desire to stick his niece in the neck with the pitchfork came over him he would rush out and stab the figure. I got him into an asylum and he was eventually cured."

I remember another case where a man in Arkansas wrote me saying that one day while he was digging in the garden his little child came running out to play. As soon as he saw her a sudden desire to kill her with the spade came over him. He said the feeling was so strong that he had to tell the child to leave the garden. Afterwards he declared that he feared he would kill his family. I wrote him to go to an asylum immediately, because if he did not the mania would grow and he would certainly kill some one, in which event he would be morally as guilty as if he had planned the murder in his sober senses."

The case of De Mallard, the Frenchman, is a noted one, and from the fact that the victims were all women it is peculiarly interesting. He used to advertise for servant girls. When they came he would lead them off to some secluded spot and murder them. There was no other object than a mad thirst for human blood. He is known to have murdered six women in this way, and is supposed to have killed many more whose bodies were never discovered. He was executed. The books are full of such cases, and they are not confined to men, either. Women have figured quite as prominently. One French woman, between 1838 and 1857, murdered over twenty people. She used poison in every instance, and her victims included relatives, neighbors, physicians and nuns. She attended a number of her victims while they were on their deathbeds and gave every evidence of being deeply affected. Perhaps she was. Of course she had no object except an insane desire to see people die."

"This mania is but one of a number, all of which are of the same general family. In some cases it is kleptomania, in others a mania for suicide. In others for murder, and so on."—Dr. William A. Hammond in New York World.

Paris Leads No Longer.

London, not Paris, now leads in matters of fashion both for men and women. When the Empress Eugenie left Paris and the republic took the place of the empire, the reign of the French as leaders of fashion ended. Mrs. Leslie is of this opinion, and her opinion is entitled to respect. She is a woman of fashion herself, although deeply immersed in business affairs, and is a close and keen observer. Moreover, she visits the European capitals annually, and thus has peculiar opportunity to form an opinion. She says: "The reign of Paris as fashion queen is over, and in my opinion will never return. Why? Because London and New York have obtained a supremacy which will never relinquish. Finer dresses are made for court wear in London than anywhere else called for in Paris. For street wear who can equal an English ladies' tailor? And for gay attire, where harmony of colors is made a feature, American dressmakers and milliners take the lead of all others. Some charming bonnets, greatly admired in aristocratic London drawing rooms last spring, were made in Washington."

As to the "dowdy" appearance of Englishwomen in the public streets which some hypercritical writers have noticed, Mrs. Leslie explains: "It is deemed bad taste, immodest even, to display rich costumes to the common eye in public. Only to their peers in society do English high born ladies reveal the wealth and magnificence of their wardrobe. On a visit to a friend's house they appear each evening in a different toilet with jewels to match, and, favored by exceptional physicians that lend majesty to earliest costumes, and with a bloom and vigor far past the turning point in other women, our English aristocratic lady cousins are by no means second to the French."—Home Journal.

Dudes Among the Crows.

In personal appearance the Crow Indian men are fine looking—tall and well formed. The women are small and inferior in appearance, and are not as virtuous as other plains Indians. Their vocal language is coarse and harsh, and does not seem to have a rich vocabulary. They are poor in tradition. The men cut the hair squarely off round the forehead, leaving this bang from four to six inches in length, which, when in full dress, is made to stand upright by dressing it with clay, which is sometimes made more adhesive by admixture with a sticky substance obtained by boiling gummy weeds and bushes. The side hair is at times braided and the hair on the back of the head separated into several "strips," which are held in place by glue placed at regular intervals. To give them the appearance of very long hair, of which they are extremely proud, that which has been cut off in morning, or that taken from their ponies' tails and manes, is glued on to lengthen it out. They do not pull out eyebrows or lashes. In dress the men wear the hooded coat made of bison skin. At the shoulder, wrist of the coat and down the leggings a coarse fringe is fastened. The women wear short skirts made of raw material, and carry little or colored ribbons or trinkets.—Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Was Perfectly Satisfied.

The officer at the Third Street depot found two men jawing, and after sending one away said to the other:

"You are very foolish to get up a wrangle here."

"But he threatened to hit me on the snout!" protested the stranger.

"Yes, but what do you care?"

"I don't care about his threat, but it was his language. I protest against the term 'snout!'"

"He meant nose, I presume."

"I presume so, but why didn't he say so? That's what I was asking him, and that's what I want to know. He could have just as well told me in a quiet, genteel way that he would hit me in the nose, and he might even have hit me."

"Well, you'd better let him alone."

He didn't, though. He slipped away and renewed the controversy, and ten minutes later he came back with his nose knocked into the middle of last week and one eye closing.

"I told you," said the officer. "Are you satisfied now?"

"I am, sir. It's snout, and a mighty bad one!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE FAN IN JAPAN.

DETAILS OF THE PROCESS OF DESIGNING AND MANUFACTURING.

A Great Variety of Colors Applied by Means of Blocks of Cherry Wood—Fans for Gentlemen of Taste—The Fan's Many Uses—Etiquette.

Among the scenes of unique interest which arrest the eye of the traveler in Japan one finds one's self well repaid for a visit to the fan makers. Few of those who visit the curios shops to purchase these gaudy trifles have any idea of the meaning of their picturesque designs or the method by which they are made. Yet this handicraft does really more to advertise Japan than any other manufacture. Fans are made by thousands of independent laborers, centralized capital and labor for the manufacture of works of art and handicraft being as yet little known in Japan. The principal workers in this trade are found in Tokio, Kioto, Nagoya and Fukui.

We have watched the operation from beginning to end—the splitting of bamboo, the cutting and pasting of delicate rice paper by the girls, the artistic, dainty picturing, the finishing and packing. They are sometimes inscribed with classic quotations, poetry, statistical tables, almanac lore, maps, pictures of noted places and congratulations. Often these are made to depict life, customs, architecture in Europe, or even Yokohama, that city being the immediate link between the Japanese and foreigners. Thus are the fans in the household, of which there are many, made to educate the family.

The design for the pictures on an ordinary fan is first drawn on thin paper, then pasted on a block of cherry wood and engraved; afterward printed from this by laying the fan paper on the block and pressing smoothly. Japanese books have been printed in this way for centuries prior to the late changes in the empire. The variety of colors are put on with not infrequently as many as twenty blocks. Often the picture papers have the choicest of perfumes laid between them before being pasted on the frame, then finished with ivory handles, inlaid and gold lacquered.

FOR GENTLEMEN OF TASTE.

Gentlemen of luxurious tastes have large collections of these refreshing trifles, with autograph inscriptions and pictures from celebrated artists. A very dainty custom in vogue is to exchange fans as we do photographs.

We, as foreigners, are supposed to do things upside down. In this country the large, flat fans are for the use of gentlemen, but in Japan it would be a dire breach of etiquette, as these are used exclusively by women. The gentleman always carries a folding fan in his girdle or bosom, usually elegantly decorated. If he is a scholar or author, when he invites his literary friends to his house they must go prepared to inscribe this dainty bit of refreshment offered them on arrival. A rack of silver books, or a tubular fan holder is found in every house of the least pretension.

Japan uses the fan for a great variety of purposes; made of stout paper to window grain, for dust pans and charcoal fire blowers; of waterproof paper for dipping in water and as a vaporizer, for producing coolness to the face. There are double winged fans for the juggler, who makes a butterfly of paper flutter up the edge of a sword, for the judges at wrestling matches and for the dancing girl, who makes her fan a part of her own graceful motion and classic pose. In charming grace of manner the Japanese are unequalled, and secret though decent love is often expressed in artistic use of the fan, till consummated by openly avowed attachment.

As tokens of good feeling and polite attention Americans are not infrequently the recipients of costly fans from their Japanese friends. On a certain special occasion, accompanying an invitation to dinner, tied with daintiest silk cord on perfumed paper, was a tray of confections and sponge cake in a lacquered box of exquisite make and a case of three rare, painted fans, each tied in silk napkins.

On leaving the empire, a family with whom delightful relations had been established, sent as a parting gift a beautiful gold lacquered cabinet, in one of the drawers of which was found a number of perfumed fans of elegant manufacture, which will be lifelong keepsakes in memory of the esthetic Japanese.—Helen H. S. Thompson in Good Housekeeping.

Russia's Stalwart Soldiers.

The Cossacks are closely connected with Muscovite history. They conquered Siberia and kept the Turks in check in the south; they crossed the St. Gothard under Souvaroff and entered Paris with Platoff; they excited the admiration of Napoleon I, and later on, in the last war, they conquered the Balkans, led by Gen. Gourko, and performed wonders of valor and recklessness. As a reward for their glorious services this heroic population enjoys special privileges. In 1870 the Cossacks were declared proprietors of the lands they had cultivated and the "Black Country" became their fatherland. The Cossack is a soldier at 17 and wears the uniform till he is 50. He is ever in readiness to obey any order, to start as an escort on a reconnaissance or as the bearer of dispatches. When he returns to his home he tills the land, raises cattle, breeds horses, works salt mines, or fishes. The steppes of the Don are the hunter's Eldorado.

Stalwart, strong, active and abstemious, the only exception to the Cossack's frugality is his inordinate passion for the alcohol he calls vodka, of which he imbibes enormous quantities. Their Cossack capital, Novo Tobolsk, situated at the entrance of a broad, deep valley, resembles a chess board with straight avenues intersecting it of such unusual width that whole regiments can easily maneuver between the rows of houses. The nobility entertain during the winter, and even the modern improvements of tram cars and telephones have been introduced. The country is a mine of glory, wealth and power for Russia, and the Cossacks are her best soldiers. The Emperor Alexander draws all his cavalry from the territory of the Ukraine.—"M. de S." in New York Sun.

"Send for Kelly."

"Send for Kelly," was an expression that was sometimes used by the late Gen. Sheridan when he was provoked into impatience by the discovery of some extraordinary act of foolishness on the part of an overzealous or idiotic person. "Kelly" is the name in the army for "the fool killer," and the tradition is that when "Kelly" was sent for and let loose he would cause fearful slaughter in the ranks of the blunderers and stupid people, on whose account his services were invoked, singling out his victims with an unerring intelligence and dispatching them without quarter.—Washington Cor. New York Times.

The season wanes; we soon shall see
For whom the peasant was designed,
And happy will the umpire be
Who then alive himself shall find.

—Boston Courier.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The Story Told of Two Canadian Trappers, A Narrow Escape.

Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished winter set in with tremendous snow storms. Going out to the first hill, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they staid. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing.

Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no words to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was awakened by the animal crying out; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, ravening hunger. Neither dared to sleep, for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was, and if he tried to follow the first he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The man separated, agreed to; the two men, separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle shot of each other.

For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snow drifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his own trail back a little and laid in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of the wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter round his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber wolf, instantly the dog gave tongue, and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after.

At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die, but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shuddering off his mortal numbness, he crawled towards the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer he had just killed, and, keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant the wolf sulkily drew off, and the man and dog tore the raw deer flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty-four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they recovered strength.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Should Recognize the Adornments.

I hope people will not become perfect. I hope there will always be weaknesses for us to smile at and nervous for us to sympathize over. Weaknesses are the humor, the "ladings" of the Creator, and a perfect man is often a rather dull sermon. Now, madam, you are 60 years old, you have daughters who are mothers and sons who are fathers, and yet you take your little peep in the glass and fix your eyes on the lines in the skin of your face, as you will do, I sincerely hope, thirty years from now. It is pretty, it is agreeable, is human and a compliment to the Creator that you should recognize the adornments he has placed within your reach.

You, sir, you ought to be taken home and fixed up. You are 50 years old, and your shirt front is all spotted, your waistcoat is not buttoned, your necktie is away round at the back of your head and your coat is covered with dust. Go home and put on a clean shirt and go down to the tailor's and order a suit of clothes that will fit you, and get your beard trimmed and look like a thing of taste if you can't be a thing of beauty. I think many men associate independence with dirt and think they would be losing some of their manliness if they were decent clothes. But I don't want to reform these people. Well, I might wear better clothes myself, but that tailors have to pay rent and other little expenses.—San Francisco Chronicle—"Undertones."

In the Exposition Gallery.

Said an old time resident of Chicago not long ago: "I have attended the exposition year after year since the first opening. During the first two or three years I used to go regularly and make one lap around the gallery, but until the other day I had not set foot in the exposition gallery for many months. After this I shall never miss the trip, as it is well worth a visit. It is the territory of the genteel fakir. In a brief walk of half an hour I had my catarrh completely cured five different times, and nearly choked myself on a piece of 'hot bread,' thinking it a sample of a new water cracker instead of a patent food for animals. I rested my weary arms by trying my son and heir on six different baby jumpers, and then I had my clothes soaked by three patent floor sifiers. I had sixteen campaign badges offered to me at disgustingly low prices, and was weighed four times, losing about a pound each time. Seven times did I drop in a nickel to 'see it work,' and when I went down stairs I had my overcoat pockets chock full of samples of yeast cakes, baking powder, hair oil and liver pills. The man who visits the exposition and misses the gallery loses half his life."—Chicago Herald.